

## Our Wasted Opportunity

Complaint is sometimes made of the incompetence of the "Mexican" labor; but what are we doing, as a community, to improve it? Have we industrial and technical schools? Have we night schools? Do we make any effort to keep children in school until they can get the foundation of an education? Do we offer to give them a start upon the technique of any trade? Do we aid the workers to improve themselves in their chosen trades, so as to fit themselves to earn more wages?

In the south there is a race problem, with the negro, wherever the blacks are in a majority. The Macon, Ga., Telegraph recently gave a vigorous scoring to some of the radical anti-negro agitators; the paper spoke of one Georgia county that was "living in practical outlaws" owing to the methods used to exclude negroes, and of two other counties where similar efforts are in progress. The Macon paper expresses the opinion that "the trouble is less with the negro than with short-sighted white men. To set up the south can get along without the negro is ridiculous, and this being true, not a county should be allowed to shirk its share of the problem by the simple expedient of shoving it off bodily into the next one. The African element is our farm labor—all we have and all we ever will have. The trained negro is a more efficient instrument than the untrained white man."

El Paso will always have a large proportion of her population made up of persons of "Mexican descent." But it is our own fault if we do not teach them English—teach young and old—and if we do not teach them skill in industry, for which they are well fitted. El Paso is guilty of costly neglect of these people in two ways: First, in making no earnest attempt to help them improve their conditions of living; second, in failing to educate and train them for more valuable and more productive citizenship.

Roosevelt is going to the West Indies for several weeks while he lets the terrestrial globe roll on all by itself.

The Paderewskis are still earning funds for Poland. He plays Chopin and she dresses dolls for the benefit of Polish babies.

## Republican Thunder

Chairman Hill of the Republican national executive committee recently outlined the program of campaign for the current year's presidential and congressional contest. The principal items are these:

The "various paternalistic and socialistic projects of a government-owned and government-operated merchant marine."

The "policy of the tariff board by the Democratic party by a failure to provide funds."

The "unjust, unrepresented and unmeasured extravagance" of the Democratic party.

The "policy of exemption by special statute of certain classes of citizens from the application of the anti-trust laws."

The "policy of the sealmen's bill, which 'has already paralyzed the Pacific shipping industry and will drive American ships from the high seas when peace is restored in Europe.'"

The "imposition by the Democrats of a war tax in time of peace."

The "high cost of living."

The "Wilson Mexican policy."

The effect of the Mexican policy in other foreign fields, throughout Central and South America, in Europe, and probably in Asia.

Inefficiency in the conduct of every department of government, inefficiency in the observance of civil service reform, devotion in the treasury—"no greater insult was ever offered the intelligence of the voters than that involved in Mr. McAdoo's efforts to filch from them regarding the actual condition of the treasury."

The tariff—the "record of the Wilson administration on tariff is alone sufficient to insure a Republican victory."

Hill attacked the Wilson regime. "If it were not for the abnormal conditions created by the war in Europe," said the Republican chairman, "president Wilson and his friends would have no argument to offer for his reelection. That the abject failure of the president's domestic policies will be forgiven, as a recompense for keeping us out of the European struggle, seems to be the solitary life raft left for the Democratic party."

But to hear the Democrats tell it, they have the whole ocean frozen over.

Rumania may be forced into the war on the side of the allies, in spite of her desire to remain neutral.

## Those Skylights

The best show in town now is the sky in the early evening. Not in many years have so many of the planets and brighter stars been grouped together in the evening sky, as are to be seen at this time. And the performance will not soon be repeated.

In the west, in the early evening, may be seen Venus and Jupiter, drawing steadily nearer and nearer together. They will seem almost to touch as they reach their nearest approach later this month. The moon is also growing brighter, but is drawing away from the brightest planets. A few nights ago the slender crescent was very near to Venus.

At the same hour when the bright planets in the west may be best observed, as they near the horizon, two other great planets may be seen: Saturn, almost overhead, and Mars, red in color, farther down in the eastern sky. Another planet, Neptune, is also in the heavens with the others, but cannot be seen without a telescope. Mercury and Uranus are below Venus in the west, but cannot be seen with the naked eye.

The showiest star is Sirius, bright blue-white, but there are many others of first and second magnitude to be seen. Get away from the lights of the city, and take a quiet look at the sky any clear evening soon.

The women of London are having to learn the rules of insurance, writing, shipping entries, bookkeeping, schedules, and railway office business, to take the places of men who have gone to war, and the woman denies the suffragists are having all the opportunity the most ambitious could demand, to prove themselves equal to holding up their share of the world's burden, and they are doing it so quietly that it is not even much commented on.

Automobile manufacturers in Racine, Wisconsin, who could not get the express companies to guarantee a shipment of a hurry order of automobile pieces to Petrograd, Russia, used the parcel post. The parcel weighed 207 pounds and required \$96.84 postage.

What a blessing it would be if Texas would pass a law exempting men from jury service, as Arizona has exempted women.

## Dodging Trouble

There are some people who cannot recognize real trouble when it comes. They will smell burning wood and see smoke coming through cracks and spend moments trying to explain the smell and smoke as something else than fire; or when their diamonds or fur coats are gone they will try out a thousand explanations, will think of crazy hiding places, any route of thought before recognizing that a thief has been in the house. Even imminent death is only a faint, it is a curious inability to face the real trouble instantly. Often the people who look for trouble the most industriously and most unceasingly, who are always smelling smoke and hearing burglars and fearing death, will be the slowest to know the real trouble when it comes.

Maj. Moton, who succeeds Booker Washington at Tuskegee, is a full blooded black, and it remains to be seen whether the statement often made that Booker Washington excelled because he had white blood in his veins, will be justified by a decline in the strength and results of the institution. Friends of the school say that Moton, who was Booker Washington's close friend and adviser, will carry on the work of building up substantial education and sound living for the negro, with equal genius to Booker Washington's.

El Paso doesn't mind wrecking buildings costing from \$25,000 to \$100,000, and only a few years old, comparatively speaking, to make way for the erection of modern fireproof buildings of steel and concrete. That is proof enough of the faith the people of the city have in the future.

There is at least one person who cannot reconcile himself to the president's abandonment of the one term plank. No one has any reason to take it harder than Bryan.

An acre of onions couldn't produce tears to equal those of the men who failed to invest in El Paso real estate when it could be had at less than \$1,000,000 an acre.

A Yale professor calculates that a particle of radium will remain active 1650 years.

## Short Snatches From Everywhere.

"United we stand" for a whole lot.—Columbia State.

Carranza might try a note to Villa demanding a disavowal.—Wall Street Journal.

One of the most active of Britain's ships of war seems to be the *Carnegie*.—Columbia State.

If Carnegie is still anxious to die poor, why doesn't he finance a space expedition?—Columbia State.

Georgia lynchings five negroes in one bunch. After all, is Mexico so bad?—Philadelphia North American.

Why doesn't Mr. Bryan try to pacify Mexico by lecturing on the Chihuahua circuit?—Brooklyn Eagle.

The process of elimination is used to halt that Persia stinking to Switzerland yet.—Pittsburg Gazette Times.

Arizona wants to annex a portion of northern Mexico. There's no accounting for tastes.—New York Tribune.

The Republican idea is that president Wilson should be made to walk the one-term plank.—Columbia State.

It will seriously complicate things if Col. Casso for the English establish an actual blockade of Germany.—Boston Herald.

Up to date the main trouble with British expedition seems to be there is not quite enough expedition about them.—Chicago Herald.

Prince Firman Firman is the new Persian premier. There should be nothing unstable about his government.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If you do not care for "Tippary" you might sing "It's a long day for February," meaning the 29th, of course.—Amarillo (Texas) Panhandle.

We haven't all the humorists in this country. Here's a Carranza general advising the United States to be patient.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

The Italians seem very much surprised to discover that Montenegro has been unable to wail Germany, Austria, and Bulgaria.—Galveston News.

Households always tell their wives that they positively should not gossip with other women, but if wife knows anything bubby can't sit still until he hears it all.—Macon News.

Great Britain is said to have the modest ambition to be the world's coal and iron. If she can control our anthracite coal trust and Standard Oil she'll do more than we can do.—Wichita Eagle.

In the midst of the excitement vice president Marshall ventures to interject the remark: "In the presence of love, science is a child." It has indeed been an extraordinary winter.—Providence Journal.

## A Will Is a Legal Document With Two Edges It Distributes Legacies and Lawyers' Fees

By HOWARD L. RANN.

A WILL is a legal document which distributes property with one hand and attorney fees with the other. Next to the cruel and inhuman treatment which the average husband is subjected to, it is the most profitable source of litigation known to a legal-tender brain known to civilization.

Most people do not make a will until they are attacked by shortness of memory, undue influence and twelve distinct forms of senile dementia, the most distinct of which consists in failing to devolve a quarter section of the corn belt to some nephew by marriage. This causes the nephew to attack the will with a rapid-fire battery of attorneys who prove that the decedent was about to go bankrupt in the cerebellum and couldn't remember the maiden name of his first wife. If necessary, they will also prove that the author of the will stole five poultry during the Civil war and possessed a streak of insanity which manifested drainage ditch. When this has been accomplished to the satisfaction of all concerned, including the jury, the estate is divided into two parts and the heirs are allowed to keep one as a sad

memento of the occasion. The codicil is something which is attached to a will in order to rebuke



This causes the nephew to attack the will with a rapid-fire battery of attorneys.

an heir who has fallen from grace and the water wagon. This is one of the most malignant forms of rebuke now in use, and drives many an expectant heir into the soothing embrace of the supreme court. It is utterly disheartening to a bitter, chafed heart to hear a long will read through which gives him 400 acres of thick agricultural sediment and then be erected by the sneering tongue of a crisp codicil which transfers the property to some Home for Fatherless Orphans. The use of the codicil is not to be recommended, except in cases where there is nothing to codicil with.

Some of the most waterproof wills made are those which are not cluttered up with legal verbiage, but are written on the back of an envelope in plain, unpolished English. The courts will not break this kind of a will unless it is shown that it was written by one of the heirs. If people would exercise more care in drawing their wills, and not leave them lying around in photograph albums and chiffoniers, there would be fewer family skeletons dragged into the court room and grinning from the rafters.

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## ABE MARTIN



A rumor was afloat here this morning that Mrs. Labe Bud would return to her husband without requisition, but her attorney was playin' hooey pool an' could not be seen. Where there's so much smoke there must be some coupons.

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## LETTERS TO THE HERALD

(All communications must bear the signature of the writer, but the name will be withheld if requested.)

## A MODERN SIR GALAHAD

Editor El Paso Herald: I note with some degree of satisfaction, but not of surprise, the remarks made by J. M. Wyatt in his address of the club Saturday night, satisfaction in that to some extent my efforts are cleared of participation in a crime that would shame even Pancho Villa, for unfortunately for me, I happened to be sitting with some members of the committee, directly under the blazing indignation of his righteous eye and was in the path of his index finger of scorn when he made his notable "play to the galleries" on that memorable night. His plain statement then was that Miss Winkler had been hoodwinked by the speculator in a manner that would shame even Pancho Villa in his proudest days. So withering was his scorn and so effective his denunciation of the committee, that, sitting in their company, I could scarce refrain from crying out, but, controlling my emotions,

## Must Have Power Behind Religious Shots Mexicans Being Taught the Temperance Code

"WE have perfected an organization in the laymen temperance movement," said chaplain John T. Axton, "but we might as well storm the Dardanelles with buckshot and expect to win it; or turn 20 centimeter guns upon it without the proper power back of the shot and it would be useless. What we must have is power. Specialists are usually looked upon in religious circles with suspicion, though I see no reason for it. We have specialists in everything else and certainly some men are better equipped to carry on religious work in that capacity than other men. We want to get behind these 14 men who are coming to El Paso and to furnish that power of presence and attention which will make the movement the success that it is already half way assured."

"High praise is due Mrs. Chaffee Taylor for her excellent work as superintendent of the Mexican alliance of the W. C. T. U., which has been doing much good work in the southern part of El Paso and Juarez," said J. M. Wyatt, "and her work is far from teaching and Mrs. Chaffee Taylor deserves the support of El Pasoans both morally and financially in her efforts."

my next thought was to have Mr. Wyatt call all to the mourners' bench.

But, like the apostle of righteousness in other days, Mr. Wyatt has seen a great light and the scales have dropped from his eyes. He now says that the committee was the personification of a knightly defense and that their conduct in the presence of womanhood was above reproach. If the first was a statement of fact, how about his last? Having attained his righteous purpose, the protection of innocent childhood and womanhood, he now bids us suggest the ticket from top to bottom. If the methods pursued by the committee were fairly stated, and another was the choice of a majority of the committee, why did not Mr. Wyatt bow to that majority as he now bids us to do. If he wishes, as he says he does, the schools of the city and country kept out of politics, why did he not agree to the proposition that the club endorse no one for that particular office?

It would be interesting to know how many voters were present that night and voted who were directly affected by the administration of county school affairs. The law governing the qualifications and election of county school superintendents in Texas should be changed so as to read as follows: No person shall be eligible to the office of county superintendent of schools in Texas who is not the son or daughter of an ex-confederate soldier, or in counties having a town or city within its confines of 10,000 people, the county superintendent shall be elected

to better the two communities. A plan of holding a series of meetings on the first Monday in each month has been inaugurated and so far is progressing with excellent success. At the meetings there are six speakers who contend for a silver medal in the end of six months all orators compete for a gold medal, to be awarded by the officers of the alliance. In the end of the collection at a recent meeting there was \$12 collected merely by passing through the audience and which is an excellent illustration of the popularity of the alliance."

"For the past three days El Pasoans walking in the vicinity of the Central Labor hall at Overland and Kansas, have seen some pretty fair work at eliminating fire hazards by men of the Central department," said Will Hoard, "Chief John W. Wray has inaugurated a series of public lectures in time will make the department one of the most efficient in the country. It is a pleasure to see of great benefit to the firemen. The firemen are lined from the foot of the building. One team made the climb in 20 seconds, which is going some up four stories."

"This spring weather and the new hats with flower gardens in the top

makes a fellow feel as if it were April instead of February," said F. L. Barker, "wonder where in all the world you'll find a winter like this one has been. It has the rivers beaten and Florida beaten and California beaten. Now if the weather will provide similar winters every year it will be as much of a resource as the mines and the farm. Good weather will make any community."

"Business is humming all over the entire southwest country," said T. Fitzgerald, of Los Angeles. "I make this territory extensively and so am in a good way to get some business conditions. Everything is going fine. There are no hard times in this part of the old U. S. A."

"The delightfully mild winter that we have had this year is like the first three winters after my arrival in El Paso," said O. A. Danielson. "That was 12 years ago and the weather was wonderful, with hardly a real cold day. The peculiar notice that the weather man has handed us since that time have been real surprises, for this kind of a winter is the style that really belongs to El Paso and when we get cold, blizzards winters like that of two years ago, the weather man has mixed his cards and dealt us from the wrong pack."

for him to read. I was not invited to appear before the committee; I did not take part in the Pancho Villa act, and I am still an untrammelled Democrat. For this little matter of the whole matter affair were truly known many would be made to exclaim: "Democracy! I don't think crimes are committed in try name!"

Thos. J. Yoe.

## Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Uncle Wiggly and Higgledie Piggledie."

By HOWARD L. RANN.

UNCLE WIGGLY LONGAIRS, the nice old gentleman rabbit, was sitting in an easy chair in the hollow stump house of the Bushytail squirrel family, where he was paying to visit Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the two squirrel boys.

There came a knock on the door, but the bunny uncle did not pay much attention to it, as he was not of taking a little sleep after his dinner. He had a large soup with carrot ice cream on top.

Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, went out in the hall, and when she came back, with her tail all tied up in a pink ribbon, for she was sneezing, she said:

"Uncle Wiggly, a friend of yours has come to see you."

"A friend of mine?" cried Uncle Wiggly, yawning so suddenly that his nose stopped twinkling. "Hoppa! What the old fox from the Orange Mountains."

"No," answered Nurse Jane, with a snort. "It is a friend of mine."

"A lady?" exclaimed the old rabbit gentleman, getting up quickly, and looking in the alarm to see that his ears were not all as-crowded. "Who can it be?"

"It is Mother Goose," went on Nurse Jane. "She says you were so kind as to help Little Boy Blue the other day, when his horn was frozen, and you thawed it on the warm pie, that perhaps you will help her. She is in trouble."

"In trouble, eh?" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly, sort of snorting down his nose, fustidiously like and stylish. "I didn't know she had a trouble."

"She doesn't," said Nurse Jane. "But I'll bring her in and she can tell you herself what she wants."

"Oh, Uncle Wiggly," cried Mother Goose, as she sat her broom down in one corner, for a never went out unless she carried a broom. She said she never could tell when she might have to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky, and Uncle Wiggly, I am in such a trouble."

"Well, I will be very glad to help you if I can," said the bunny uncle. "What is it?"

"It's about Higgledie Piggledie," answered Mother Goose. "Higgledie Piggledie," exclaimed Uncle Wiggly, "why that sounds like—"

"She's my black hen," went on Mother Goose. "You know how it is in the book about me and my friends. And taking off her tail pinched her, which she wrote when she rode on the back of the old gander, Mother Goose sang:

eggs go to. She lays them in her nest, comes off to get something to eat, but when she goes back to lay more they are gone."

Uncle Wiggly twinkled his nose, tied his ears in a hard knot, as he always did when he was thinking, and then, putting on his fur coat and taking his rheumatism crutch with him, he went out with Mother Goose.

Uncle Wiggly rode in his sleigh, made of a clothes basket with two circus balloons on, and Mother Goose rode on the back of a big gander, who was a brother to Grandfather Goosey Gander. Soon they were at the hen coop where Higgledie Piggledie lived.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggly, I am so glad you came," cried the black hen. "Mother Goose told you the egg trouble."

"She did, Higgledie Piggledie, and I will see if I can stop it. Now you go on the nest and lay some eggs and then we will see what happens," spoke Uncle Wiggly.

So Higgledie Piggledie, the black hen, laid some eggs for gentlemen, and she went out in the yard to get some corn to eat. And while she was gone, Uncle Wiggly hid himself in some straw in the hen coop. Pretty soon the old gentleman heard a snawling, rustling sound and up out of a

hole in the ground popped two big rats with red eyes.

"Higgledie Piggledie, lay your eggs today," asked one rat in a whisper.

"Then we will take them," said the first rat.

He lay down on his back, with his paws sticking up in the air. Then the other rat rolled one of the black hen's eggs over so the first rat could hold it among his front legs. Next the second rat took hold of the first rat's tail and began pulling him along; egg and all, as quick as if he were from top to bottom. The rat sliding on his back over the smooth straw.

"Ha!" cried Uncle Wiggly, jumping out of his hiding place. "So this is where Higgledie Piggledie's eggs have been going. You rats have been taking them. Scott! Shoot! Boom! Skedaddle!"

And the rats were so scared that they scolded away and showed themselves and everything else, and they took no eggs that day. Then Uncle Wiggly came. Mother Goose the rat hole, and it was topped up with stones so the rats could not come in the coop again. And ever after that Higgledie Piggledie, the black hen, could lay eggs for gentlemen, sometimes nine and sometimes ten, and there was no more trouble as there had been.

So Mother Goose and the black hen thanked Uncle Wiggly very much. And if the story lady doesn't take our feather bed to wear on her hat when she goes to the moving picture I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and Little Boy Peep.—Copyright, 1915, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

## INDOOR SPORTS

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## FIRST LOOK AT A GRANDCHILD

## BABIES



By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

LITTLE mite of misery, crying for the moon. That hurries through the evening sky like a gold balloon; Who can make him understand that it only seems Built of glorious rainbow light, like a fairy's dream? Tell him what it really is: a dead and barren sphere; Just a cold, forgotten world, desolate and drear. Still he'll raise his little voice in sorrowful acclaim. It makes no difference to him—he wants it just the same.

AND when, in the years to come, with troubled, wistful eyes, He yearns to have so many things that other people prize; Who can make him understand that wealth and rank and fame, If they must be too dearly bought, are never worth the game? Tell him the tremendous cost in golden happiness Of the tiny gifted thing that some men call success. Deep inside his heart he'll think that you're a tedious liar— What are words to restless Youth that wants his heart's desire?



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WALT MASON.

## Spring Coming

THE winter winds and slings its snow, the wind is keen and frost is king. Cheer up, cheer up, for soon will blow the soft and balmy airs of spring. Your whiskers now are frozen stiff, it is a bleak and bitter day; your ears are cold, but what's the diff? Before you know it, 'twill be May. The tempest batters at the door, the night wind wails a dismal tune, but in three shakes, or maybe four, you'll wade around knee deep in June. And thus it is with every grief; it hurls our corns, but soon it's sped; the darkest, coldest night is brief, and sunshine glitters just ahead. My feet are frozen hard tonight, and yet I am a cheerful scout; I know that spring will come, all right, and April winds will thaw them out. It's true the wintertime is filled with things that bring my spirit care; but in the spring the birds will build their nests among my beard and hair. Let winter roar and do its worst, the gentle spring will soon be here, when winter griefs like bubbles burst, and in the azure disappear.

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WALT MASON.

## EL PASO HERALD

DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE PEOPLE, THAT NO GOOD CAUSE SHALL LACK A CHAMPION, AND THAT EVIL SHALL NOT THRIVE UNOPPOSED.

H. D. Slater, editor and controlling owner, has directed The Herald for 18 years; J. C. Wilmarth is Manager and G. A. Martin is News Editor.

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